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Vol. IV.—No. 146. MANCHESTER, Saturday, MAY 27th. Price One Penny.

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GLEANINGS FROM "GUARDIAN" THE FIRST.

IN a very interesting speech delivered at the recent dinner to Alderman Willert, Mr. Oliver Heywood alluded to the coincidence of the arrival of the worthy Alderman in this city just three days prior to the publication of the *Manchester Guardian* for the first time, and in allusion to the oft-repeated axiom that history repeats itself, mentioned several things as having been chronicled in *Guardian* No. 1 which were unconsciously paralleled in the same publication on the day of the Willert dinner. We do not propose to pursue such an investigation now, but it may be interesting to turn for a moment to a scrutiny of the columns which, after fifty years, were very appropriately reproduced as the best memento of the day when, in the words of biographers, it may be said that the *Guardian* first saw the light. In a worldly if not in a spiritual point of view the *Guardian* has seen the light ever since.

It is not possible to read the words, "Printed and published by J. Garnett, 29, Market Street," without wishing that the old gentleman could have been spared to have witnessed the demi-centenary of the black and white baby to whose first squeak he bore testimony. He would not have been at all agitated or excited at such a birthday; he would have taken it very easy, and probably have mentioned to Mr. Horsfall or Mr. Acton that he had foreseen the circumstance for some years, but that, as he was going fishing on the day of the visit to Hoo Green, he could not join the party. It would have been an interesting thing to have sat down to dinner with Mr. Garnett, and to have heard his recital of the incidents attending the first issue of the *Guardian*. Not a hair of sentiment, so to speak, would have been turned. You would have got the narrative in pinches, like snuff of a highly dried Lundyfoot character, but if you had sneezed the roof of your head off Mr. Garnett would not have noticed the unusual commotion.

Turn back, old men and youths, old women and maidens, and see a young man of fresh, ruddy complexion and strong Yorkshire build standing in his shirt-sleeves and setting up the type of a newspaper with which his name was destined to be connected for nearly half a century—nay, even longer than that, for it will take many years before the name of Jeremiah Garnett is shaken out of the memories of those who think of his journalistic monument. We remember an old friend now deceased who never spoke of the *Guardian* except as "Jerry." "What does Jerry say this morning?" "How will Jerry take it?" These were the questions we have had to answer over and over again. But in the first week of May, in the year 1821, "Jerry" was standing in his shirt-sleeves and commencing the first of a long line of advertisements. What was the initial advertisement of this now celebrated paper? Here it is.

TAKEN UP

"A Black Newfoundland Bitch. Any person having lost the same may, &c., &c."

Canine mother of a countless progeny of advertisements, how she would have barked and wagged her tail had she known of the honour in store for her! Remember, also, that she had the additional honour of paying to the government a tax of 3s. 6d. for this announcement of her taking-up. Next but one to the poor black Newfoundland cast-away, we come upon an advertisement which reads very strange to us now, viz., the sale by private contract of a messuage or dwelling-house, newly erected, in Ancoats Meadow, near Ancoats Hall, which amongst other advantages possesses the following—"a gighouse and two-stalled stable, shippon for six cows, milkhouse, &c., with a good pump in the yard. Also an excellent garden, well stocked with fruit trees, &c." Take your staff, pilgrim of to-day, or one of the roomy cabs of Mr. Cockshoot, and bear up to Ancoats Meadow now, and look for the shippon and the pump in the yard, and for the May blossoms in the well-stocked garden, and let us know the result of your investigations in a fugitive poem. The wearing of the green in Manchester came nearer, however, to the centre of the city then, than even Ancoats, for we find in another portion of the primal *Guardian* the following paragraph:—

During the last two months some interest has been excited in this town by the establishment of a colony of rooks in the trees in a small garden at the top of King Street, belonging to Mrs. Halls. * * * We hope they will not be molested, and that they will have no cause to repent the confidence they have thus reposed in mankind.

This is clearly a foreshadowment of the new Reform Club which is now rearing its stately nest somewhere about the locality of the "garden belonging to Mrs. Halls." The sable colony is being reconstructed under the auspices of Mr. Benjamin Armitage and Mr. Leake, and no one is showing "caws" to the contrary. History repeats itself. "We hope they will not be molested, and that they will have no cause to repent the confidence they have thus reposed in mankind." The names of the architectural rooks are forgotten. The name of the architect of the new Reform Club is Edward Salomons, F.I.B.A, number so and so a little lower down. N.B.—Repairs neatly executed. May we live fifty years to drink Mr. Salomon's health as the architect of a most picturesque and beautiful building; we have also personal reasons for desiring to couple with that wish the health of the Trustees of the New Reform Club.

Reverting to the second column of the first *Guardian* we come upon an advertisement of Richard Roberts, popularly known to us of this generation as Dicky Roberts, and better known still to the world at large as one of the greatest of English mechanists. In order to attract attention Mr. Roberts headed his advertisement with three cog wheels with smaller cogs between them, as if the big ones had kittened. Mr. Roberts calls himself "lathe, screw, screw-engine, screw-stock manufacturer," and respectfully informs the public "that he has cutting engines at work on his new and improved principle, which are so constructed as to be capable of producing any number of teeth required." Really this reads so much like the announcement of a dentist that we respectfully draw the attention of Mr. Lomax and Mr. Rogers thereto. An engine that will cut and produce teeth seems to us, at all events, invaluable both for old and young, anticipating the advent of Barker's infant preservative on the other hand, and the best set of charitable grinders now turned out by either of the eminent dentists we have named on the other. Old Dicky's force, however, like that of an epistolary feminine, explodes in the postscript of his advertisement as follows:—N.B.—R. R. cuts on his improved screw engine screws of all sorts." And a very proper thing too. If such an engine be extant now we should be very glad to order one. Screws ought to be cut. We fear, however, that prior to his demise the screws retaliated and cut Dicky—so at least it was said. He cut the screws, and the screws cut him. He had the best of them in 1821, but how was it in 1851?

We read this advertisement with just a tinge of melancholy. Not long ago, before, however, the vision of the first *Guardian* came up from the depths, we were looking at Dicky's portrait at Agnew's, alongside that of Arkwright and Kay, and Jaquard and

others, and the long face, so sorrowful and worn, and even solemn, seemed to emphasize still more the saying that the world knows little of its greatest men. Yet what a phalanx of men they were of which Richard Roberts was not the chief! Not through the sound of rolling drums are their voices heard in the past—not fanned by conquests' crimson wing do their strong lineaments present themselves. Their rolling drums are the busy revolutions of the engines of industry and peace, and their conquests inaugurate a heraldry to which the poorest son of Adam may lay claim. Lord Lytton was right when he said :—"So while Pleasure feasts, and Youth revels, and Love deludes itself, and Ambition chases its shadows (chased itself by Death), so works the world-changing and world-despised SCIENCE—the life within life, for all living, and to all dead."

IS OWENS COLLEGE A SUCCESS?

NOTWITHSTANDING a continued course of puffing and a somewhat successful pertinacity of begging, Owens College has not yet succeeded in establishing itself firmly in the favour of the public. It would be a hard matter exactly to define the reasons why Manchester, as a whole, has not taken kindly and trustfully to Owens College, but the fact remains, and on being pressed, the answer which was given of yore to Dr. Fell would be repeated. This intuitive mistrust is right. Owens College has never yet been open with the people, neither has it justified the cliquism and mystery which pervades its whole atmosphere. It has given rise to the impression that it exists for its professors rather than for the people.

Looking at the grand flourish with which it always heralds any of its doings, one would think that of people's colleges it must be the most popular, and that through its existence the education of all Lancashire is rapidly advancing. Enter its walls and look around, and it will be found that in pupils and in results it is put to shame by far less pretentious neighbours. As a semi-lower middle-class college, the Working Mens' College in Salford has done, and is doing, much more real work in advancing technical education, and as a middle-class institution many metropolitan and provincial colleges have long held candles to it.

Many of its short-comings may be accounted for in this way. To fulfil its original programme was a noble but undoubtedly an up-hill task, but instead of doing the work of a college it has preferred the easier and more ignoble business of an ordinary school. It has endeavoured to supplant the Grammar School instead of heading it, and it fills its walls with collegians who have never been boys at all. Lads enter Owens College much too early, and the full mental capacity of these lads is never developed. Play is still their predominant idea, and work is yet looked upon as a task. The swings and gymnasium have more attractions than the laboratory and the lecture-room. All this is very natural and just as it should be, only not at a college of such pretensions as Owens. Students in matriculation should already have acquired all that can be acquired at school, and should be ready for the deeper and higher studies of science. No lad, we hold, can by any possibility be made to have become ready for college under sixteen, and by his being kept at school until he is eighteen, further time will be eventually saved.

In some things Owens College has not aimed high or comprehensively enough. What a great lift a good Medical Faculty would have given her! Medicine embraces so many collateral sciences that, for the proper education of medical students, Faculties of Law and Arts at least are demanded. Manchester has the oldest, or oldest but one, provincial medical school, and this School only wanted proper encouragement to migrate to, and amalgamate with, Owens College. Yet such a consummation, to the great detriment of both parties, is still deferred. The proposal to unite the two has been repeatedly discussed, and its execution again and again postponed—the latest decision in favour of continued delay, having, we are informed, been taken only a few days ago.

The new buildings even, now rising in Oxford Road, are an evidence of the want of foresight or of the narrow views of the authorities. No room, as far as we can perceive or learn, has been left for expansion, and were the Medical School amalgamated with Owens College to-morrow, they would not know where to find lecture and class rooms for the medical students. The *Spectator* is fond of calling Owens College "the University of the Busy." The Council will have to turn over an entirely new leaf before their institution even begins to justify or deserve the name.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS AND MR. W. MONTGOMERY.

NOT long since we drew the attention of our readers to Mr. Walter Montgomery's extraordinary effusions in print, quoting a few of the puffing criticisms which had appeared about him in the American papers, accompanied by some "tall talk" of his own, which he had forwarded for publication to the actors' business organ in this country. The New York observations about Mr. Montgomery's "flashes of excellence," Mark Antony's "finely modulated climax," his "magnetic and contagious acting," and his "*singular physical beauty*," emphasized in strong italics, were all very amusing, and only equalled by the actor's unassuming remark that his "old friends and admirers in England and Australia" would "read the extracts from the generous New York press with interest and delight." It appears that Mr. Montgomery has not yet completed what he calls his "tour round the Universe!" He has again been rushing into print, and has made use of the same journal as the medium between himself and the public.

It appears that before Mr. Charles Mathews left Australia he wrote a letter to the *Era*, in which he gave a timely warning to all poor actors with small means, who meditated a trip to Australia, to consider the matter well before starting, as the few towns containing theatres in the colony lay far apart, mostly involving expensive and long sea voyages, averaging from 500 to 1000 miles each. In an evil hour Mr. W. Montgomery took up the pen against the veteran comedian, who is a perfect master of literary fence and banter, and the result may be anticipated. We subjoin a few extracts from the correspondence. In answer to Mr. Montgomery's letter, in which he said that he had "taken up the subject in bare justice to the colonies," Mr. Charles Mathews replies—"An article from Mr. W. Montgomery, commenting on the observations I forwarded some time ago under the title of Arrival in Australia, I found waiting for me when I reached New York from California * * * Mr. Montgomery, probably from having sojourned so long in the Antipodes, has got into a habit of reading things topsy-turvy, or upside down. Mr. Montgomery says he had taken up the subject in bare justice to the colonies. The colonies ought to be very much obliged to him; but I really think there was no necessity for his interference." Mr. Mathews then quotes the following grandiloquent extracts from Mr. Montgomery's letter:—"Her cities are marvels of grace and beauty; her people high-souled, generous, and intellectual, and, as for sheer physical beauty, no woman in the world can compare with the lovely Antipodeans." Of course all this is intensely amusing to Patter versus Clatter, and he accounts for the tragedian's burst of turgidity, by remarking, "This, is, perhaps, because *I* have no immediate intention of returning to the colonies, while *he* may possibly contemplate paying them another visit shortly." In allusion to Mr. Mathews's remarks about expensive sea voyages from Melbourne to Sydney and other cities, Mr. Montgomery says, "The steamers are manned by thorough sailors and perfect gentlemen; the tables groan beneath the weight of curious viands, and the cost of transit and accommodation in these splendid steamers is not more expensive than the charges of Scott's or Menzie's hotels." To this Mr. C. Mathews replies, "You might as well comfort a poor devil without money to take him from London to fulfil an engagement at Aberdeen by telling him that a second-class ticket does not cost more than a night at the Clarendon or Mivart's." Regarding the length and stormy nature of the voyages, Mr. Montgomery says, "There are telegraphs all over the colony, and before embarking the state of the weather can be ascertained daily, fine weather assured, and the long wash of the Australian seas can be taken at their friendliest mood." To this remark Mr. Mathews replies by asking the following question: "What would be thought of an actor at a distance telegraphing to Mr. Wyndham of Edinburgh, or Mr. Knowles of Manchester, to say that the weather being cloudy, he will postpone his journey until the sun comes out?" Having remarked that he had been fêted and treated in Aus-

BRITISH MUSEUM

tralia with every possible kindness and hospitality, Mr. Mathews plants a few more neat-handed blows upon the face and body of the tragedian, and leaves him collapsed and doubled up.

MR. BRUCE AND BETTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Home Secretary's answer to Mr. Anderson, M.P. for Glasgow, on Monday, concerning betting advertisements, was vague and unsatisfactory. Mr. Bruce said that his "attention had been called to the appearance of betting advertisements in the newspapers, and especially in the sporting papers. Althouth they were not necessarily illegal, some of them would be when the bill now before the other House became law. There were others which were *probably* illegal; but within the metropolitan police districts warnings had been given whenever this was considered to be the case, and the results had been most satisfactory in putting down the evils of betting. The same course, he believed, had been pursued by the local authorities at Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere, with similar beneficial results." This is all well enough, and we gladly testify to the enormous diminution which has taken place in gambling on horse-racing in Manchester since the suppression of the list houses. Betting does still continue no doubt, but it is not made easy. Facilities are no longer thrown in the way of every fool who has possession of half-a-crown to go into the next street and invest it on a horse-race.

But Mr. Bruce's answer is no reply to Mr. Anderson's question. The present state of affairs appears to be this. After the passing of the late Act, a large number of "list keepers" and layers against horses removed to Edinburgh and Glasgow, to which towns the law did not extend, and which became the head-quarters of these gentry. As Mr. Bruce intimates, when the bill now in the hands of the House of Lords passes, the Glasgow and Edinburgh list-houses will be open to be, and no doubt will be, suppressed. But Mr. Anderson's question went further than this. What about lengthy advertisements which appear in scores of papers all over the country every day, recommending people to send the advertisers so much money, which they will "invest on horses for them, discretionary or otherwise," and the addresses of which people are not in Scotland, but in England? It is shrewdly suspected that the different names given of these people are only so many aliases; and from the continuance of these expensive advertisements day after day and week after week it is evident that an enormous amount of money is being coened out of the pockets of a vast number of fools at the present time.

Perhaps these are the people whom Mr. Bruce alludes to as acting "probably" illegally. In our opinion they are a great deal worse than the common defunct "list-house-keeper," who was not a migratory bird of passage, but had, at least often, a local habitation and a name. The common "tipster," who merely advises a person to back a horse, but requires no deposit, and only asks to be paid twelve stamps for his advice, is quite another person. He may be a great fool, or he may be a great knave, but he merely sells his information, or what he conceives to be such, for a consideration. He publishes what he calls "a circular," and then refers to it through the medium of the newspapers as a convenience. There is nothing illegal in that any more than there is in a cotton broker publishing a circular and advising people either to bear or to bull cotton. Gambling on horse races can no more be put down by act of Parliament than drunkenness can, or gambling in shares, stocks, tulips, South Sea bubbles, and other lunacies; but it can be restricted and kept under restraint. A more decisive answer on Mr. Bruce's part would have been more satisfactory; and we believe the existing law is sufficient to reach a large number of swindlers who are left at present unscathed.

Since writing the above, we have learnt that Government has decided to bring in a Bill to amend the law in reference to gambling and betting advertisements. Apparently, in anticipation of this action, the Manchester daily papers have withdrawn the "discretionary investment" advertisements from their columns.

OLD SAWS WITH NEW EDGES.

Spare the rod, and smack the child.
A man is a fool if he is his own physician at forty.
Oh Frailty, thy name is washerwoman.

"WOMEN AND MEN."

ON Monday last, that delightful actress, Miss Madge Robertson, with Mr. Kendal, made her re-appearance at the Theatre Royal. They brought with them a new comedy, which was presented, we believe, for the first time on any stage on this occasion. This circumstance alone ought to have filled the house. The production of new plays here should be encouraged. It is not a dignified theatrical position to be in, to be content with London pieces warmed up; and it is not creditable to Manchester playgoers that they should have rushed in their thousands to see that dismally long, villainously-written burlesque, the *Princess of Trebizonde*, and that they should have stayed away in their thousands from the production of a new and original comedy. We are ashamed of the miserable thinness of the house that assembled to greet Miss Robertson, at the same time we are proud of the critical judgment it displayed in its reception of both the good and bad parts of the comedy submitted to it.

In justice to Manchester playgoers it must be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have appeared at the wrong house. The Royal is too big and gloomy a theatre for light comedy. Besides, it is associated too intimately with the ancient glories of the Haymarket company to render the appearance there of one of their stars only anything but a lonely and forlorn spectacle. The isolation of dramatic talent now-a-days is increasingly melancholy. It is positively piteous to think that we have Mr. Compton all alone at one house, and Miss Robertson all alone at the other, and both separated from the remainder of their old associates.

We are sorry to say that the people who did stop away from the performance of Mr. A. Dubourg's new comedy did not miss very much. *Women and Men* is not, and never will be, a success. It is a weak echo of the same author's much better comedy of *New Men and Old Acres*, with an exaggerated reproduction of the character which Mr. Buckstone took. Indeed, the piece has obviously been written not so much for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as for Mr. Buckstone and his son. This is the rock on which the author has split. He will never write a really good comedy so long as he writes down to Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Buckstone is essentially a farce actor. The ill-arranged programme of the Theatre Royal, called the *Observer*—which reproduces old Joe Millers instead of giving a summary of the scenery—announces that the piece was written for the Haymarket company. If such is the case, Mr. Dubourg has spent all his energies in providing the farce actor of the company with a part, whilst he has utterly forgotten its best comedy actor, Mr. Chippendale, the part intended for whom affords no whit more scope than the part played by him in *New Men and Old Acres*. But we need not get ourselves into a state of mind. We don't think this comedy will ever be produced at the Haymarket. It is founded upon a mistake. It deals entirely with the women's rights movement—a theme which is worked out—the very mention of which is a bore. The plot, so far as there is any clearly defined plot at all, consists of the doings of a ridiculous association, composed mainly of political women, and presided over by a humbug of the foolish name of Sowerby Sweetapple. This is simply the election business out of the *Contested Election* and twenty other plays, and the testimonial business out of the *Two Roses*. Into these is woven the flirtations of an oppressively lively girl, who ultimately pairs off with a man old enough to be her father. It will be remembered, this unnatural pairing of a young girl with a middle-aged man was done in *New Men and Old Acres*. If Mr. A. Dubourg's dramatic function is to justify unnatural unions, we should not pity his extinction as an author, otherwise, we should. There is merit in his work, and some day he may write a good piece. In the meanwhile, we fear *Women and Men* must be sacrificed. The only really good bit in it is the situation at the end of the first act, where the heorine casts off the gentleman she is engaged to, and then bursts into a passion of hysteric grief at being left alone, with nobody to love her. The hysteric business is, however, elaborated in the second act, in a strained and uncalled-for manner. The second heroine is a most artificial character—a figment of the author's brain; and Mr. Sowerby Sweetapple, although well played by Mr. Taylor, but too farcically, is a nuisance.

Mr. Kendal played the middle-aged lover, and was Mr. Kendal, though he didn't look like it. Miss Robertson did all she could for the heroine—and we need not say how much that is—although we never

liked her less. She works that scornful demi-semi-laugh of hers too hard. The stock company came out fairly well, but Mr. Barsby's dreadful green plaids ought to be embargoed. Almost the best bit of acting in the piece was Mr. Gooding's fool, young Sweetapple. We know no better actor of small parts than Mr. Gooding. His attorney in *Bardell* v. *Pickwick* was quite as good as Mr. Toole's Buzfuz, though he never said a word. He doesn't say a word in this piece either, yet he plays his small part to perfection. Vacuous imbecility could not be better represented. Mr. Buckstone, jun., for whom this part was evidently written, couldn't play it half so well, were he to try a year. We hope Manchester will not lose Mr. Gooding yet awhile.

At the conclusion of the comedy the curtain fell to very slight applause and hisses. Its opinion of the comedy expressed, the audience gave a hearty salvo for Miss Robertson, whose expression, when she came before the curtain, was the best thing of the evening. And indeed, it was not her fault: it was the author's. We hope we shall see her next week under happier auspices.

MR. HALLE AND MR. DE JONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—As you have given publicity to a letter which Mr. Hallé appears to have addressed to the members of his orchestra, and have made some strictures upon it, you will, perhaps, not object to give equal publicity to a statement of what is, I believe, Mr. Hallé's reason for having acted as he has done. I do so unknown to him, and without any authority whatever from him, but on so debateable a question it is, I am sure, but right that both sides should be fairly stated. Mr. Hallé has at a great expense and after the work of years trained an orchestra which is now renowned throughout the country. Each season he engages musicians from London and other places at a remuneration which makes it worth their while to reside in Manchester for the time it lasts. The local players also receive higher payment than they can by any other local engagement. Having by his own talent and exertions formed this orchestra, and successfully established these concerts, is it fair or courteous that one of that orchestra should use these materials, provided, and to a great extent paid for, by Mr. Hallé, for the purpose of starting a series of opposition concerts? Is it not simply a plan for diverting as large a share as possible of the profits of Mr. Hallé's investment, both of skilled labour and capital, into the pockets of others, as they can use the materials provided by him at a much cheaper rate? At all events, if there is to be an opposition, Mr. Hallé has a perfect right to protect his own interests by saying to the members of his orchestra, "You are, of course, at liberty to play for whom you will, but if you accept an engagement with one of my orchestra who wishes to commence an opposition to me, with my own musicians, I must decline to make an engagement with you." There is not a professional or business man in the kingdom who would allow those in his employ to make a concurrent engagement with another, also in his employ, who wished to commence an opposition. I do not contend that the two things are exactly parallel, but I am very sure there is much to be said for Mr. Hallé in taking the step which he has done.—I remain, sir, yours truly,

G.

[The fallacious premises assumed by our correspondent vitiate the whole of his argument. If the cheap Saturday promenade concerts had been designed as an opposition to the high-priced Thursday concerts—an assumption which is obviously absurd—a good deal of G's reasoning would have been valid. As the matter stands, all he advances is beside the mark. Mr. Halle has elected to cater for the musical entertainment of one section of the community, that, namely, which can enjoy what is called "high-class music," and which can afford to pay a high price for seats on a certain evening of the week that is only available for a comparatively limited circle; Mr. de Jong proposes to provide a cheap and more popular entertainment on the great holiday night of the week. Where is the "opposition?" No one disputes Mr. Halle's "right" to obtain a monopoly of musical ability, if he can. Our position is that the action he has taken is neither for the interest of the profession nor for the advantage of the public, both of which, we contend, will gain by the success of Mr. de Jong's undertaking.—EDITOR, *Sphinx*.]

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE BISHOP ON AMUSEMENTS.

THE Bishop should either say more about our amusements or he should say nothing at all. He complains that he has been misunderstood. We don't wonder at it. He blows hot at one time, cold at another, and nobody knows exactly what he wants us to understand. He began by saying a favourable word for historical plays like *Richard the Third*. This was at an early-closing meeting in Hulme. Then, at the annual meeting of the Mechanics' Institution, he put forth something like a retraction; and this week, at the Penitents' Asylum meeting, he talked about theatres, pleasure gardens, and dancing saloons (classing them all together) "doing more, as things now were, to corrupt the rising generation than any number of brothels which could exist in Deansgate." Whereat the sapient supporters of the Penitents' Asylum cried "hear hear." The one distinguished characteristic with which we have always hitherto accredited the Bishop, and which places him in such a marked contrast with most officials and chairmen of charitable and philanthropic meetings, is a determination to see everything for himself, leading to a second characteristic—not to talk of things he doesn't understand, or, as they say, doesn't know of his own knowledge. We think we shall not be far wrong if we submit that he has departed from this rule in reference to theatres, and, we will even add, pleasure gardens. He has spoken from heresay merely: he does not know these places of his own knowledge. Until he does, his criticisms (like most of the criticisms of the Methodist, Puritan, and Low Church pulpits on like matters) will have no weight whatever; when he does, he will speak with power, and probably say something worth listening to. At present his words are like "the idle wind," which we regard only so far as they tend to discredit himself and diminish his deservedly great influence.

BILLIARDS: ROBERTS *v.* BOWELL.

The match of last Friday between Bowell and Roberts, jun., was sufficiently interesting to attract as large an audience as the room at Moss Side could comfortably hold; though there were not wanting critics who were unable to see the fun of paying half-a-crown to see what could be seen other nights for nothing. In a previous match between the same players, Roberts gave three hundred and fifty in a thousand, and was well beaten. In the game of last week, Bowell received the same number of points. Roberts's long reach gives him a great advantage over shorter opponents, and there is about his play a brilliance and rapid dash which Bowell cannot at all rival. Yet the latter's play was so admirable, steady, and cautious, without being slow, that he again won, and even more easily than before. Indeed, Bowell's victory was so easy, that, at one time, it was a question whether he would not win by his points. No very large breaks were made, and the largest was *not* made by the more celebrated player. Though it appears doubtful if Roberts can ever give Bowell so large a number of points on the champion table, there is no question that Roberts was in what is called, "very bad form." His health for some time had not been good, nor had he, we fancy, taken any particular care to prepare himself for this match. So far as the game may have been regarded as a trial for his greater struggle for the Championship—which will have been decided before this appears—it is impossible to consider it a favourable one. Yet such are Roberts's indomitable pluck and skill that it would be altogether rash to consider the issue a foregone conclusion.

DRAUGHTS ON 'CHANGE.

Are the directors of the Manchester Exchange bent upon being the deaths of their subscribers? This week the weather has been mild, with a strong sun, but at the same time a rather cold wind has been blowing. People in such weather are apt to overheat themselves, and then suddenly experience a chill. The managers of the Exchange have scrupulously adopted the surest means to effect such a result. Members have arrived in the room in a glow of heat, and something more, and have suddenly found themselves exposed to cold and thoough draughts in every portion of the room. Doors and windows exactly facing each other have been kept scrupulously open all day long, and the place has been like a

tunnel with a fierce wind blowing right through it. The consequences may be imagined. While shirtings, yarns, and other commodities dealt in on 'Change have been flat and dull, top-coats have been in demand on the boards, and there has been an immense supply of catarrhs, coughs, rheumatisms, and phthisis. The exercise of a little care and some common sense would prevent this state of things. If it is persisted in, the list of members is likely to be considerably diminished before the opening of the new Exchange.

"THE RIVALS" AT THE PRINCE'S.

We can quite understand the difficulty in which this management is placed of providing opportunities for the display of Mr. Compton's peculiar abilities; but with every consideration for their dilemma, we think the *Rivals* was an injudicious choice. It is impossible to gather a Manchester audience together in whose ears every individual word of this comedy is not wedded to the tones and inflections of especial voices. Even Mr. Compton's Acres loses much of its effect by losing its surroundings. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that because Mr. Compton's Acres is so popular in the Haymarket presentment of the *Rivals*, it will therefore fill a house deprived of its accessories. Mr. Vandenhoff's Sir Lucius is much too slow. It continually gives one the idea that he has forgotten his part. Mr. Vandenhoff also took most unwarrantable liberties with the text. The stock company did all they could, particularly Mr. Wainwright, Mr. Chapman, and Mrs. Cooper; but their rough-and-ready acting was in striking contrast to the finished polish of their speeches—save, of course, in Mr. Chapman's case, whose David was an excellent performance. Mr. Warde has been worked very hard of late—too hard for any actor to do justice to himself. The inefficiency of his Jack Absolute arose not so much from any fault of his as from his being cast in a part entirely unsuited to him. But he need not play the part in his moustache. It is perfectly absurd of actors following the example set by Mr. Sothern, and wearing their moustaches. Are they growing ashamed of their profession? If an actor has not enough of the spirit of an artist in him to part with the hair on his face, he has no business on the stage at all. Mr. Vandenhoff and Mr. Haywell are both sinners in the same respect. We are surprised that Mr. Calvert should allow such a spectacle upon his usually well-managed stage. Miss Bickerstaff's being cast for Lydia Languish is another proof, if one were wanted, of the imperative necessity that this management should invest in a good actress for a permanency.

MR. ROSS AND THE HOLBORN THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—It was stated in your last number (May 13th), that the Holborn Theatre is taken by me. That is a mistake. I have no interest in the theatre beyond that which arises from having written a piece for it.—I am your obedient servant, CHAS. H. ROSS.

76, Fleet-street, London, 17th May, 1871.

THE "PORTFOLIO" ON MR. T. ARMSTRONG.

The May number of *The Portfolio* contains an interesting and valuable article on one of the most accomplished Manchester artists—Mr. Thomas Armstrong. As he has been very pertinaciously misunderstood by our local press, and been invariably very well abused whenever he has exhibited pictures at the Royal Institution, it is worth while noting in what light his work is regarded by Mr. Sydney Colvin, M.A., the author of the critical and descriptive paper to which we refer. The article lucidly explains the intention of such work as given by Mr. Armstrong (and those other painters to whom his art is sympathetic—such as Messrs. Whistler and A. Moore), and the charge often brought against him that his pictures are wanting in story is well explained by the sentence:—"He has shown himself of those who see the *raison d'être* of a picture by no means in its subject interest, but altogether in its pictorial aspect and harmony." The picture entitled *The Lesson*, exhibited in Manchester three years ago, and now the property of Mr. John Slagg, junior, was the cause of much angry controversy. We should like those who took part in it to read what *The Portfolio* says about Mr. Armstrong's work. Considering the flood of sensational pictures that inundate our exhibitions, and the extreme value set upon mere executional *tours de force*, we strongly endorse Mr. Colvin's remark that Mr. Armstrong's painting, "with its conscientious care and balance, its tenderness and reserve, its aim at style and at pictorial charm, is of a kind on which the English school, more than any other, has good reason to congratulate itself."

WHITSUN-WEEK AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

THE sudden advent of summer weather and the impending Whitsuntide seem to combine to compel us to consider the grave question of what to do with ourselves in the approaching holiday season. The end and aim of all labour, all wearisome, irksome toil, is to gain leisure; to have time to ourselves to spend as we like; to be free for a while from the loathsomeness of enforced confinement, from constant, continuous, monotonous occupation of ourself and our senses; to be given up to the luxurious sense of absolute liberty, and to feel the glorious privilege of being independent.

Then you would do away with all work if you could? we shall perhaps hear it objected. By no means, we reply. We regard work not as a good in itself—it has been pronounced as a curse—nor as an end in itself. It is a means to an end, in the first instance, to provide for our animal wants; then for leisure, freedom. But we have, most of us, been brought up in this labouring Lancashire to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be employed, intensely employed, on something which will make neither ourselves nor any single human being happier or wiser, is a noble and grand thing. Noble work, we will admit, is a noble thing, but it is the nature of the work, the effect that both it and its results produce upon ourselves and others, that constitutes its charm and endues it with nobleness, and not the mere intensity of it. The fact is, that to work insatiably requires much less power of mind than to work judiciously. It requires much less courage to go on working anyhow, plodding blindly on, in the vague hope that somehow our mill-horse perseverance will bring something out, than to look the matter fairly in the face, and resolutely refuse to undertake work which cannot be done fairly and honestly, with advantage to others as well as with benefit to ourselves. Are we getting too serious? Perhaps so, but questions like these will force their way into one's mind when we begin to think about what we are to do with ourselves at such times as those which we are to have next week.

First, of course, is the question of going away—leaving Manchester and the smoke of her furnaces miles and miles to rearward. To him who journeying eastward towards Pendle, or westward towards Snowdonian brooks or lakes, or even further, on piscatorial thoughts intent, we have nought to say but "happy man be his dole." He advantages himself of the partial cessation of labour hereabouts to exchange the scene of it for other climes, which he might visit, were leisure available, with like enjoyment in any other week, so that his recreation is rather an accident of the season than an intimate and immediate result of it. Moreover, the number is comparatively few of those who can combine their means of going and vanquish all obstacles opposing their movements in so complete a manner as to set them free to take flight. It doesn't happen to every man to go to Corinth, as the old poet remarked. There will be some odd thousands left in Manchester, our own peculiar plural unit included, who will have, for part of the week at all events, to find something suitable to beguile their unwonted vacancy of restraint. So we may as well be thinking of what it will be best to do, see, and avoid.

First and foremost in the field, is the Flower Show at the Botanical Gardens, Old Trafford. About this the *Manchester Guardian* has quoted to the extent of a column and a half, in which the writer told us a great deal that the Bishop had said about it, at least, you know, he would have done, if he had happened to speak about it at all, only he didn't; and also bade us go there and put our twelvepence (in copper, we presume) on the turnstile, and then reflect how much better it was to be helping to keep that (the turnstile) going than to be pulling down the Vendome Column! Positively, our advertising and dry-as-dust contemporary is invading our province; if not literary, he is becoming critical and almost humourous. Is it a waft of some divine afflatus from the tripod in the Editor's sanctum? or a *communique* from the Flowery Showy President, Mr. John Watts, Ph. D.? "How charming is divine philosophy!"

We have, however, some doubts about the enjoyment we should derive from such a visit. We have only been used to the commonest of garden flowers, and to such few wild ones as may be found within an easy tramp from All Saints' Church or the 'bus stand in Higher Broughton. Whenever we have been to a flower show, was not our first study that which a high authority has been declared the proper one, namely, man, meaning lovely women, the younger portion especially, shall we say *exclusively*. Where is that divinity with a lavender bonnet, whom we saw twenty years ago, at what we believe was a flower-show—tents and a regimental band, and some people besides *her*—walking about. Seen, also, weeks after, at the only Exhibition worth the name (1857 always excepted) for a few minutes, and, afterwards, nevermore! Was she Venus, escaped from her fly-trap? Who knows? She was some mortal creature of earth's mould perhaps, fit for human nature's daily food, but escaped and gone.

But our flower education is, as we have said, limited. We are very soon out of our depth among the gaudy rarees at a flower show, and have to examine "by the card," as it were, all the fine things gathered together to feast the appetite of our eyes beyond satiety; and then we are no better off. We meet with a couple of long words, sometimes compounded of Greek, sometimes of Latin, occasionally of both, always with a Latin ending, which is supposed to indicate to the illuminati what the plant is. Sometime since, in most botanical or gardening books, one met with the common name of the flower, followed by its scientific or classified nomenclature. Now-a-days we are only favoured with the latter, and that often changes every five or ten years, at the will of some mysterious authority. The China Aster was Latinized into Aster Sinensis; simple enough you will say; so they thought, and it was metamorphosed in the Callistephus. The humble periwinkle, not the water slug of that name, dear to Cockneys, but the creeping plant of dark green leaves yet found in suburban garden plots, is Vinca or Vesica-Major, at the sweet will of the printer or ticket writer. We have often thought snap-dragon capable of a good deal, but we were scarcely prepared to see him coming out as the Antirrhinum Caryophylloides! He must have snapped up the names of some heedless growths in his neighbourhood, and carried them off to digest at his leisure.

Mr. Bruce Findlay, the excellent curator (is that the term?) at the Old Trafford gardens, has been apologizing through "the ordinary channel of communication" for the use of these barbarous-looking terms, that they are expressive of some circumstance relating to the plant or its discovery; instancing one which led its discoverer in Australia to find water, much wanted at the time, and he thereupon danced for joy, so its name is made up of dance and water! Fancy a man going out to dinner with a *Delphinium Donkelærii* in his buttonhole. It would probably run down to the heels of his boots if it were worthy of its name. Some plants are said to be of slow growth, but how long would it take to bring a *Mesembryanthemum-pomeridianum* to anything like perfection? Why, it would take a cautious man over a quarter of an hour to pluck it. To see things with such names is to make one think that they were better without. It is very much like looking at an exhibition of paintings without a catalogue. All things considered, then, we shall probably not go to Old Trafford. We could scarcely hope to meet with another lavender fairy, and if we did, why we have such responsibilities at home by now that nothing could come of it, and besides "wait till you come to forty years," as Thackeray sung.

That carries us over, not Whit-Sunday, but Whitsun-Day to Whitsun-Monday, this time on the Royal Oak Day. There would'nt be many leaves to hedge even the divinity of such a king as Charles II., on so early a day in the season, and, in fact, it is not the genuine Oak-day. Charles hid in an oak for four-and-twenty long hours after the battle of Worcester, which was fought on the 3rd of September, when the oak would be full. The 29th of May was the day of his entry, as king, into London, when oak-branches would probably be used for ornament. Here, in Manchester, it is the festival of the Church Sunday Schools, many of whom, but not all, "process," and attend morning service at the Cathedral, where a sermon is preached for their benefit. The preacher is usually one who has lately become the occupant of some important charge in the old parish of Manchester. This time it will be the Rev. Waldegrave Brewster, who has, no long time since, succeeded the present Bishop of Chichester in the Rectory of Middleton, and of whom some few words have appeared in these pages. Well, we generally go to the Cathedral, for part at least of that service. It may be bad taste, but we do, and you, reader, may go too, if you like. For the rest of the day, work goes on more or less, principally less. As usual, the streets are pervaded from half-past one by youths with canes, and white-frocked girls. Tuesday is a day in which various forms of business are gone through, but with the mind elsewhere; and on Wednesday the pull comes.

Shall we go to the races? Well, we've been till we're tired. It has been alleged, we know not with what truth, that Manchester Races have been for many years gradually falling off. Why this should be at Manchester, the great betting market, we don't know. Possibly because, for one thing, there is no real connection between racing and betting, and that we are far removed from the stables and exercise grounds of the great trainers; also that, for them, Manchester is not on the way to anywhere, and its races generally precede, clash with, or succeed to Epsom. Why, we wonder, are they kept up? Is it for the benefit of the publicans and a few betting men, or for the general welfare of the public? Place yourself there, as you have no doubt often been, on the grass in front of the stand. Whence come this company, these men with face and form unknown in Market Street or the Square, and the dress, seedy and rusty, or bought new and ready made that morning apparently. They seem to spring spontaneously out of the earth at race time, and are never seen afterwards. Can they be turned on and off like the gas? The numbers are hoisted up, of the horses going to run, and while you are busy marking them on your card the row has begun. "I'll lay on the field," they begin, but soon, by those rapid, positive, inscrutable processes of mind which despise thought, they pick out the one that is "meant." "I'll lay three to one bar one," is now the cry, and just see if any—but one of the rusty-seedies will bet against it at even money. In nine cases out of ten it is a "foregone conclusion" among the trainers. One or two of the officials occasionally "stand in," that is, share the winnings; the champagne is brought in, and nobody is the wiser. We have nothing to say against the betting men of Manchester, the professional book-makers, we mean. They are keen men, at a business which they understand and the public doesn't, but which interested advisers and newspaper advertisements and "sporting" correspondents try to persuade it to think it does, and the natural result follows. The people wish to be deceived and they are deceived, as the sporting gent would say—accordin'.

As to Sunday schools, our word has more than once been passed about these and their careless admixture of people and the objectionable long journeys by railway. It is a tyranny against which ministers and managers would do well to unite, and force the parents of the children for once to take care of their own offspring. It is too deep-rooted an evil to be killed in a day, but it will have to be torn up some day, or the original object will be lost sight of.

Altogether, we come to the conclusion that there is no place like home, and there in Whitsun week we, as at present advised, intend to stay.

AMONG THE FIELDS AND WILD FLOWERS.

TWENTY minutes by rail will generally carry the dweller in any of our great cities clear of bricks and mortar, smoke, and the din of machinery, and place him in fresh fields and quiet lanes, shady coppice or breezy upland. Each of these has some sight or sound peculiar to itself, the thought of which now whiles us away to spend an hour amongst familiar friends, flowers and trees, insects and birds.

What should we do without common things? They are pegs on which hang old memories. Campbell, in as sweet a lyric as ever was penned, sings:—

> Ye field flowers, the gardens eclipse you 'tis true,
> Yet, wildlings of Nature, I doat upon you,
> For ye waft me to summers of old,
> When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
> And the daisy and buttercup gladdened my sight
> Like treasures of silver and gold.

Those treasures, though legitimately spent, and perhaps sometimes squandered, are still as inexhaustible as ever. The meadows are blazing with the same golden cups—a graceless family—whose qualities, naturally bad, grow worse under cultivation. Like other sour and

irritable folks, the more they are petted the worse they grow. In the language of flowers, the crowfoot symbolizes ingratitude, and might stand as type of anything specious, showy, and worthless. We often fancy they resemble some young ladies of our acquaintance, who if taken to one's heart and home would prove chronic blisters. The

Wee modest crimson-tipped flower

of the hapless Burns, having reigned in the gay world almost without a rival, now seems content to close its eyes, and suffer the lengthening grass to float over its head. A thousand rosy stars of the geranium, nestling low amongst the soft and deeply-cut leaves, remind us of pink shells under the green water. The sweet-scented meadow clover raises its honest, burly form—a vegetable Boneface—promising good entertainment to the wayfaring bee, whilst the dandelions, already well stricken in years, shake their snowy heads as if reproving the spirit of mirthfulness and May. The cardamine, too, waves its pale lilac banners; here and there a stray specimen of the saintfoin, now in full blossom, may be seen on the more barren parts of the meadows—for this plant, though extensively cultivated on many of our dry and chalky downs, is a true-born Briton. The cowslip is in its fullest bloom. The field in which we write is covered with these sweet freckled beauties. Their tresses tossing in the wind recall Sydney Dobell's pretty picture, where, in poet's phrase, he paints the flower as a maiden at a fair dancing on her little mat of green. In the old herbals, an ointment compounded of spermaceti and the leaves of this plant was held to be a specific for a sunburnt complexion. How we longed for a morsel of this divine unguent, for the sun and east wind had reddened our nose till it rivalled, if it did not exceed, the colour and heat of the same feature that blazed so prominently on the countenance of honest Bardolph. Some ornithologists tell us that nightingales have a peculiar predilection for the cowslip, and it has been said that they are only found where these flowers are plentiful. We know not how this may be, but certainly we feel disposed to sing, here, in this gilded meadow, on this bright May morning, notwithstanding the too great attention of sun and wind.

The hedges are full of life, scent, and loveliness. The hawthorn sits composed and demure in all its bravery. The guelder rose lifts its broad shields of creamy flowers to the sun. A few primroses still linger amongst the brambles, under which blue bells, stitchwort, and the scentless violet, make an enamelled floor, that even Minton's best tiles cannot match. And then the birds, full of important business, are singing at their work. The swallow pursues his avocations with unwearied diligence, taking up all indisposed insects who waste their time fluttering idly in the sunshine, or meditating mischief. The modest thrush cracks the shell of some fat and luscious snail, and draws him from his stronghold with infinite skill. The wren creeps through the tangled branches, and sings to his mate when he can snatch a moment's leisure from his onerous family duties; and as for the blackbird, he chaunts his bright, brief lay, as if life were but one long summer's day and care had hung herself in her garters. But what are these but a small sample of the feathered creation, which like good and busy birds, work and are happy.

In this sweet season the woods, always lovely, are at their loveliest. The beech and the lime are draped in shades of the tenderest green; the chestnut is covered with pyramids of flowers; nature is out for her long holiday, and only a few cankered oaks and sturdy ashes lift their bare boughs to the sky, as if protesting there may yet be frost. They seem to say "We are ladies of experience, and shall not put on our new dresses till we feel more certain of the weather." The briony climbs from branch to branch, unfolding as it rises, its flowers marked with a network of green veins; and clustering round the old and decaying stumps of dead trees, the wood sorrel strives to keep their memory green. Through the woodland comes

The soft mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note.

The cock pheasant, a lazy, idle fellow, who, whilst living, has no claim to our regards beyond that derived from his smart clothes, saunters lazily about, like some other fine gentlemen, and finds perhaps time hang heavy on his hands. At all events, he is constantly reiterating "Oh, oh! oh dear!" in a doleful voice, as if his soul were vexed with tedium vitæ, or his throat affected with chronic spasm of the glottis.

The short sweet turf of the uplands spreads out before us, and though time wears, we will take one burst over its elastic carpet before we go home. Meadows and woodland lie below, village and spire, hamlet and farm, are there. The plough is still at work, and we seat ourselves on a patch of sherardia arvensis, marvel at the delicacy of the minute lilac stars that glimmer in the grass, and smile at the retributive justice that compels yon villainous cuckoo to declare his name at full length wherever he goes. Truly, "Beauty is a wayside sacrament," as some old author of the classic days of Queen Anne has written. Let us eat and be thankful.

MANCHESTER ARTISTS IN LONDON.

2.—THE WATER COLOUR SOCIETIES, DUDLEY GALLERY, AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE Manchester artists who are members or associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colour (commonly known as the Old Water Colour Society), and who this year have pictures hung in the well-known gallery in Pall Mall, are six in number. They are—Members, Mr. J. D. Watson and Mr. J. W. Whittaker. Associates—Mr. Basil Bradley, Mr. A. H. Marsh, Mr. F. Powell, and Mr. F. J. Shields.

Mr. J. D. Watson's name comes first in the catalogue, with *A Fisherman Shooting Wild Ducks*, which is admirable as a study of life at Cullercoats. A second picture by the same artist, of much more general interest, is called *Farm Yard Favourites*—two calves following a girl. Mr. Watson has attempted to depict animal life before, but he has never succeeded so well as he does here.

Mr. Francis Powell has added considerably to his reputation by the work which he shows in this gallery in the present year. Of course he has gone mainly to the sea for his subjects. He has three pictures—*Herring Boats Running before the Morning Breeze*, *Loch Goil*, and *Arran from the Mackmarnock Waters*. Of these, *Loch Goil* is the only one which represents inland scenery. Its subject is a mountain lake, calm in summer light, with mountainous masses rising beyond the water, and a beach strewed with boulders in front. The truth and force of this picture are readily observable. Of the sea pieces we need only say that they are in every way delightful.

Mr. A. H. Marsh exhibits another illustration of life at Cullercoats, in *The Pedlar*. A characteristic packman is tempting a group of girls to buy his wares, and the girls rather like to be tempted, notwithstanding the smile of contempt with which they are regarded by a fisherman who stands lazily by.

Mr. F. J. Shields has several drawings, all marked by the peculiarities and mannerisms which have prevented him from attaining that popularity which might otherwise have been his. *The Collect for Ascension Day*, *The Swing*, *A Song of Spring*, and three other pictures, each of which has a passage of poetry by way of title, are all from the studio of Mr. Shields. Whilst we own to being dissatisfied with his work, we must always acknowledge that the ability, technical and other, which this artist display is of no mean order.

Mr. Basil Bradley has one picture, *French Horses at a Watering Place on the Seine, Paris*, in which his knowledge of animal life and his great skill as a draughtsman are effectively shown.

Mr. J. W. Whittaker exhibits five pictures, all of them noteworthy as out-door studies of mountain scenery, and recalling to the memory the work of the late David Cox. Yet Mr. Whittaker is not in any way a plagiarist; the likeness comes from his selecting his subjects from spots loved equally by the elder painter, and from his style of art.

At the New Society, or, properly speaking, the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. Thomas Collier, who has just been elected an associate, has five pictures, all very fresh in colour and bearing evident marks of much open-air work and conscientious study. Mr. Keeling is not represented in the gallery this year.

The Dudley Gallery has now been open some time, and several of the pictures exhibited by Manchester artists have received well-merited praise in the journals which devote special attention to art. This is the case with Mr. J. Knight's *Blanchisseuses Brétonnes*—a quaint landscape, which is certain to arrest the eyes of those who walk through the room. It represents some Breton women spreading out clothes in a meadow, with a background of willow trees and cottages. It is a green picture—

a key of colour always difficult to manage; but Mr. Knight has treated it most successfully, and has attained great unity and tone.

Mr. George Hayes has two landscapes, *Conway, North Wales*, and *Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire*.

Othello and Desdemona is the title Mr. Barnes has given to his picture of a sweep talking to a housemaid at a garden gate, as he sits regaling himself with a glass of ale she has presented to him.

Mr. W. B. Morris has a small drawing, which he calls *Rubinella*, a study of a Capri girl.

Falcon Cliff Tower, Douglas, and *Evening on the Welsh Coast*, are two bits of landscape carefully executed by Mr. J. Adshead.

Mr. L. C. Livett, who has long been well known as an exhibitor at this gallery, has two pictures, *A Hampshire Water Meadow*, and *Mary's Bower, Chatsworth*. They are simple in subject, but exceedingly good in colour.

Mr. G. Crozier does not exhibit any studies of animals this year, but has a landscape of rugged mountain scenery, strong in colour, though very sketchy in execution. It is called *Sunrise on Ben Sliock, Loch Maree*.

Mr. C. E. Johnson, whose success at this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy we have already noticed, has a large and powerful drawing which he calls *The Coming Tide*. The sea is seen washing in upon a sandy beach, under a wild evening effect of sky, and in the foreground a few sea-fowl, gleaming white, strut about on the sand.

We now come to the International Exhibition, but owing to the incompleteness and inaccuracy of the catalogue, it is possible that our list of pictures there will be far from correct. The galleries proper are very fine rooms, and so well lighted as to make artists grateful. The only defect is that they are rather narrow, and this is much increased by the placing of the sculpture and other objects down the centre of the rooms. This we say of the galleries proper. But there is a large collection of water-colours hung round the upper gallery and promenade of the Albert Hall. These are seen at a great disadvantage, for the light is most imperfect. Many of these pictures are yet without labels. There is also another portion of the Exhibition, near the Meyrick collection of armour, hung with oil pictures, where the light is exceedingly bad. We have heard of several artists asking that their pictures shall be returned to them. This extraordinary arrangement of the pictures makes it difficult to find any particular one without considerable expenditure of time. Fortunately it is a fact that most of the pictures have been previously exhibited either at the Academy or elsewhere.

Mr. H. C. Whaite has at least five works here, two in oil, and three in water colours. The oil paintings, *Conway Sands, Musical Gathering*, and the *Convent Garden* (which, by the way, is not yet entered in the catalogue), have, we believe, all been exhibited at Manchester. The water colours are new, two of them being the result of the artist's late Italian tour. *Via Sacra Rome* is a very beautiful drawing of a scene near the Coliseum, the artist looking towards the Forum. In the foreground to the left is the well-known arch of Constantine with its rich sculptures admirably suggested, whilst in the middle distance is the smaller triumphal arch of Titus, and beyond are the buildings and towers of the Capitol. *The Fish Market, Rome, Colonnade of Octavia*, shows us one of the most picturesque corners of Rome, the incessant bustle of the fish market contrasting strangely with the grand old ruin under whose shadow it takes place. *The Night Patrol* is a very imaginative work, evidently suggested by the picturesque walls of the town of Conway, a portion of which is shown with its numerous round towers under a weird effect of moonlight. The drawing is full of mystery, and has very high qualities of colour.

Mr. Basil Bradley has five drawings, most of which are important works, and have been already exhibited in the gallery of the Old Water Colour Society.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is represented by his large picture of *The Last of the Spanish Armada*, which was described by us when it was originally exhibited.

Mr. Samuel Sidley has a portrait of Colonel St. Leger, and a historical work—*Mary Stuart's Farewell to France*—in the latter of which that unfortunate and often painted lady is seen leaning against the bulwark of a ship, looking back pensively at the fast receding shores of France.

Of Mr. J. D. Watson's four pictures, *Fisherman Shooting Wild Ducks* is another study from the handsome Cullercoats model, whose face has become familiar to us from the many pictures we have already seen painted from time to time by this and other artists. *The Student* has been exhibited at Manchester, and the two water colours, *Something Wrong* and the *Tailor's News*, are both old pictures.

Besides these there are Mr. J. L. Brodie's *Dover Castle, Sea Fog Clearing Off*, Mr. Collinson's *Sweet Summer-time in Perivale*, Mr. W. B. Morris's *Chatterton*, and Mr. Mückley's *Roland Græme*.

THE RESTING-PLACE OF CHARLES LAMB.

WHO remembers the Christmas week of 1834? We spent it at a small village on the Yorkshire coast, and can remember it chiefly by our first introduction to frumity, which we should describe as a boiled rice pudding, only made with "whole" wheat, instead of rice. But it was a week like others. Children were born, youths feasted, and the old—died. Among these last, on the 27th December, blessed old Elia, Charles Lamb, went to rest, scarcely three-score. Old, we call him, but as a term of endearment. Charles Lamb wouldn't have been old if he had lived to this day.

Who doesn't know Elia almost as a friend? The poor oppressed Christ's Hospital boy, left there friendless, even in the holidays. "Oh, the cruelty," he says, "of separating a poor lad from his early homestead!" The South Sea House clerk, for many a long year engaged more in simply enduring and earning his retiring pension than giving any particle of his mind to his occupation. The genial companion—humorous, not witty—of jests, with meditative insight, tremulous at the lip with half-suppressed, half-uttered tears, the offspring of sentiment and passion, of thought and suffering. The chronicler of the invention of roast pig, *not* to be found in Woodcroft's specification list, or of the older *Century of Inventions*. The brilliant essayist, the critic. Has there been any dramatic criticism since he wrote of some of the "old actors," or told of the acting of Munden? "Can any man wonder like him?" he says of Munden. "Who like him can throw a preternatural interest over the commonest daily life objects? A table or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the common-place materials of life, like primæval man, with the sun and stars about him."

Charles Lamb lies, with his poor unfortunate sister, in Edmonton Churchyard, not far from John Gilpin's house, "the Bell at Edmonton," with a headstone battered and decayed, rapidly becoming undecipherable. Mr. Moxon, the publisher, issued proposals for the construction of a suitable tomb and a bust, to be executed by Durham, but they have never been executed. A resident in the neighbourhood says that the existing stone could be put into complete repair for £3. Is there nobody among our readers to whom Elia is as of the Lares and Penates who will not do his part to keep this mute memorial from decay. Living in a coarse and rude age, he has contributed more than any man since Dr. Johnson to keep our literature pure and unsullied. Would that some one would arise and do the same by our newspaper press. What journal dare we take home thrice a week and leave about for our wives and children?

Charles Lamb's best monument exists no doubt in his works—a perpetual fount of nectared sweets. No storied urn, nor monumental bust requires he to keep his memory green, but yet if it were but as a landmark to loving pilgrims from every soil on which English is spoken, we should like to hear that there has been erected a decent tomb in memory of the humorous philosopher, the kindly critic, the departed friend—Charles Lamb.

A SLEEPING PARTNER.—The following singular advertisement appeared in a Manchester paper a few days ago:—A young gentleman in a manufacturing town, being addicted to oversleeping, wishes to meet with a steady man as "knocker-up." Attention from six a.m. to four p.m., except Sundays, when his services will only be required at four o'clock p.m.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company Limited.

Friday for the Benefit of
MR. COMPTON.
Friday and Saturday,
Last Two Nights of
THE RIVALS.

BOB ACRES, MR. COMPTON.
SIR LUCIUS, MR. VANDENHOFF.

Concluding with
HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE.
RICHARD WATT, MR. COMPTON.

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ON MONDAY NEXT,
Mr. DION BOUCICAULT'S LONDON COMPANY, comprising Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, Mr. W. RIGNOLD Mr. W. FARRELLE, Mr. HOLSTON, Miss EMILY FOWLER, and Miss LYDIA FOOTE, will commence an Engagement for a limited number of nights, in BOUCICAULT'S new and successful Drama, entitled
ELFIE.

ALEXANDRA HALL, PETER-ST.
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Monstre Attraction for the Holidays.
Whit-Monday, and during the week,
HER WEISSENBACH,
In his Wonderful Performance on Sixteen Drums at one time, decidedly
THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

Professor Wheeler's Magnificent
DIORAMA,
Embracing the Beautiful Alps and Scenery of Switzerland,
COMIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF PUNCH, &c., &c.

MR. ROBERT GREEN,
The Celebrated Baritone, from the Royal Alhambra Palace, London, &c.

Numerous Staff of Comic Artistes.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
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WHIT-WEEK HOLIDAYS.

Monday, May 29th, and following evenings, the following Company will appear:—
PROFESSOR CAPRONI
Musical Ventriloquist, and Imitator of Life Sized Figures.

First appearance of the renowned
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Immense success of
MR. AND MRS. MARK JOHNSON,
In their celebrated duets, sketches, &c.

First appearance of
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The Duettists of the Period, in their new, original, and refined entertainments.

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Instrumentalists, Vocalists, Dancers, &c.

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TROUPE OF FIRST-CLASS GYMNASTS,
In their wondrous Performance.
Director of the Entertainments—Mr. Thomas Acton.

WHIT WEEK.—BELLE VUE.
FALL OF STRASBOURG,
With Grand Display of Fireworks,
Every Night in Whit-Week, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, until further notice.
TWO BANDS EVERY DAY IN WHIT-WEEK.
Three Bands on Friday and Saturday, and Monday after Whit-Week.
Museum, New Maze, Boats and Steamers, Velocipede Ring, and all the other attractions.
Admission, Sixpence; after Four, One Shilling.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.
BAND
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.
Admission, 6d. each.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.
ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS.
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
The above Popular and Splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1½ acres,
with the Elegant Refreshment-room IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated PALACE BAND,
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs, will perform
SELECTIONS
from Favourite
OPERAS
and the Latest and Most Fashionable Dance Music.
Commencing every day at three o'clock.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY,
TWO BANDS
will play on the
MONSTRE PLATFORM,
1½ acres,
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ADMISSION, SIXPENCE EACH.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.
MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOL,
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The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieve the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb parcels carriage paid to any part of the Kingdom.

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for Cholera, Diarhœa, Bowel Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, &c. Prepared from the celebrated Receipt of Dr. Trench.—Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Woolley, Market Street; or the Proprietor, JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, 311, Chester Road, Hulme.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
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MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—On Whit-Thursday 1st, Friday 2nd, Saturday 3rd June, and every Saturday until further notice, CHEAP TICKETS will be issued to MOTTRAM, HADFIELD, and GLOSSOP, by the Train leaving Manchester (London Road Station) at 1 45 p.m., and Ardwick at 1 50 p.m.; returning from Glossop at 7 40 and 8 58 p.m., Hadfield at 7 46 and 9 p.m., and Mottram at 7 56 and 9 10 p.m.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY.

	1st Class.	Cov. Carr.
To Mottram	2s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
,, Hadfield or Glossop	2s. 6d.	1s. 3d.

London Road Station, Manchester, May, 1871.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY. — WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd June, Cheap Excursions to DUNFORD, WORTLEY, OUGHTY BRIDGE, SHEFFIELD, WORKSOP, RETFORD, and LINCOLN, will run as under :—

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	FARES. To Dunford & back.		To Wortley & back.		To Oughty Bridge & back.		To Sheff'ld & back.	
		First Class.	Covrd. Carr.	First Class.	Covrd. Carr.	First Class.	Covrd. Carr.	First Class.	Covrd. Carr.
	a.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER (London-road) at	8 30								
Ardwick ,,	8 33								
OLDHAM (Clegg-st.),	7 35	3	0 1	3	0 1	3	0 2	3	0 2 6
Guide Bridge ,,	8 45								
Newton ,,	8 53								
GLOSSOP ,,	8 55	2	0 1	2	0 1	2	0 1	2	0 1 0
Dinting ,,	9 3								

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	FARES. To Work'p & back.		To Retford & back.		To Lincoln & back.	
		First Class.	Covrd. Carr.	First Class.	Covrd. Carr.	First Class.	Covrd. Carr.
	a.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER (London-road) at	8 30						
Ardwick ,,	8 33						
OLDHAM (Clegg-st.) ,,	7 35	6	0 3	0 7	0 3	6 8	0 4 0
Guide Bridge ,,	8 40						
Newton ,,	8 53						
GLOSSOP ,,	8 55	5	0 2	6 6	0 3	0 7	0 3 6
Dinting ,,	9 3						

For particulars of Return see Bills, to be had at the Station.

London Road Station, Manchester, May, 1871.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY WEEKLY EXCURSIONS to the PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE. Every Friday and Saturday, from Friday, May 26th, to Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to MATLOCK and BUXTON, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS. FROM	To Matlock. 1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	To Buxton. 1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
*MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0	6 0	4 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE	9 0	6 6	5 0	3 6
STOCKPORT (Tov. Dale)	8 6	6 0	5 0	3 6

*In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

Derby, May 13th, 1871. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

Head Offices, 95, Bridge Street, Manchester.

Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.

Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.

Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.

Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Euston Street, near Hampstead Road, London. N.B. Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—TOURISTS' TICKETS, BY ORDINARY TRAINS.—RETURN TICKETS are now issued by ordinary trains, first and second class, available for one calendar month, from all the principal stations upon this Company's Railway, to FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT. Third-class Return Tickets, available by third-class trains for fourteen days, are also issued to those places.

THE ISLE OF MAN
(commencing May 27, 1871).
SCARBOROUGH, HARROGATE
(commencing May 22, 1871).

Ilkley for Ben Rhydding, Whitby, Bridlington, Filey, Redcar, Hornsea, Withernsea, Saltburn, Seaton, and Tynemouth.

CUMBERLAND,

Windermere, Furness Abbey, Grange, Ambleside, Coniston Lake, Keswick, Penrith, or Troutbeck, for Ullswater, Morecambe, via Heat Bank.

SCOTLAND
(commencing June 1, 1871).

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dumfries, Beattock, Ayr, Melrose, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dunkeld, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Keith, Elgin, and Inverness.

MALVERN
(commencing May 22, 1871).

NORTH WALES,

including Rhyl, Abergele, Conway, Bangor, Carnarvon, Vale of Clwyd, Ruthin, Llanrwst, Llandudno, Holyhead, Brecon, Bala, Aberystwith, Llangollen, Tenbury, Barmout, &c.

SOUTH WALES.

Newport, Cardiff, Neath, Swansea, Llanelly Valley of the Wye, Tenby, &c.

SOUTH COAST, ISLE OF WIGHT, and BOURNEMOUTH. The CHANNEL ISLANDS, BRIDPORT, WEYMOUTH, and DORCHESTER. SOMERSETSHIRE, WEST OF ENGLAND, DEVONSHIRE, and CORNWALL.

Cleveland, Weston-super-Mare, Exeter, Dawlish, Torquay, Totnes, Teignmouth, Plymouth, Truro, Liskeard, Penrhyn, Falmouth, Penzance, &c.

IRELAND.

Dublin, Belfast, Portrush (for Giant's Causeway), Lake of Erne, Londonderry, Western Highlands (Connemara Tour), and the North of Ireland, viâ Fleetwood, the only direct route.

For full information respecting routes, fares, and trains, see this Company's Tourists' Programme, which may be had at all stations. Time-books and bills at all the booking offices on the line.

Office of Superintendent of the Line. By order.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY:—RETURN TICKETS, 1st and 2nd class, available for one month, and 3rd class, available for fourteen days, are now issued by the Ordinary Trains to Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, and Southport.

WHIT-WEEK ARRANGEMENTS, 1871.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Friday, May 26, and intervening days will be available for the return journey on any day up to and including Saturday, June 3. Excursion Trains will run as follow :—

CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

Every Morning, commencing on Saturday, May 27, to LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, FLEETWOOD, and LYTHAM, from Manchester (Victoria Station), 7 15; Salford, 7 20; Oldfield Road, 7 25; Miles Platting, 7; Ashton, 6 35; Oldham, 6 30. Fares for the day, 2s. 6d., except Whit Saturday, 3s.; from two to eight days, 4s. 6d.

To DUBLIN and BELFAST, at same times, available from two to fifteen days, 9s.

To ISLE OF MAN, for one month, from Manchester, 9s. 6d.; Oldham and Ashton, 10s.

Also to KESWICK, WINDERMERE, FURNESS ABBEY, CONISTON, GRANGE, and PENRITH; and from Oldham, Ashton, &c., to BANGOR, RHYL, DUBLIN, ABERGELE, CONWAY, LLANDUDNO, CARNARVON, HOLYHEAD, OSWESTRY, RUABON, LLANGOLLEN, WREXHAM, CORWEN, BALA, and DOLGELLY, available for eight days.

To LITTLEBOROUGH, and SMITHY BRIDGE, for HOBLINGWORTH LAKE, every day in Whit-week, from Manchester. Miles Platting, Stalybridge, Ashton, Newton Heath, Middleton, and Oldham. Fares there and back, 1st class, 2s.; 2nd class, 1s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s.

To WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, for WHALLEY ABBEY, STONYHURST COLLEGE, MITTON CHURCH, CLITHEROE CASTLE, SAWLEY ABBEY, PENDLE HILL, &c., from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), on Saturday, June 3, at 7 45 a.m. Fares there and back, 1st class, 5s.; 3rd class, 3s.

To SKIPTON, for BOLTON ABBEY, from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), on Saturday, June 3, at 6 a.m. Fares there and back, 1st class, 5s.; 3rd class, 3s.

To RAMSBOTTOM, for HOLCOMBE HILL, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 31, June 1, 2, and 3, from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), at 10 33 a.m., 1 and 1 45 p.m. *Fares there and back, 1st class, 2s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s. 3d.

PIC-NIC or PLEASURE PARTIES of six 1st class and ten 2nd or 3rd class will be conveyed at single fares for the double journey between inland places throughout the season, Whit Saturday excepted.

For full information as to trains, &c., see bills, to be had at the Stations. By order.

Office of the Superintendent of the Line, Manchester, May, 1871

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

OWEN'S PATENT

PERAMBULATORS

Will hold either ONE OR TWO children without any increase in the width of the Carriage from that of an ordinary SINGLE ONE.

Write or call for the New Illustrated Book of Prices for Perambulators and Invalid Carriages, free, containing OPINIONS of the PRESS on this novel INVENTION.

NEW CARRIAGE SHOW ROOMS,
15, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE MOSLEY STREET,
1, OLDHAM STREET & 80, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless. Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every Jar being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Bowdon, Cheshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester—Saturday, May 27, 1871.